

## IDEAS.

"Redeeming the time."  
Nothing attained without sacrifice.  
Spell murder backward and you get the cause of most murders.  
Let your recreation be manful not sinful.—Washington.  
The way to have a good time is to know things.—W. G. F.  
"What has been done can be done again."

## TAKE NOTICE.

President Frost preaches at Berea Church Sunday morning.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gargill Beecher, spoken of as the most talented lady reader in the country, will read at the opening of the Berea Lyceum Course, Monday, Dec. 17th, at the Chapel.

Be very sure and read "Deceived by Latter Day Saints," 1st column on 4th page.

Rev. Mr. Culbertson will preach next Sunday P. M. at Blue Lick school house.

## FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

Strained relations exist between Portugal and the Netherlands, owing to the withdrawal of the exequatur of Herr Pott, Dutch Consul at Lorenzo Marques.

Desperate efforts are being made to capture Gen. De Wet in the Orange River country.

Ex. Pres. Kruger has been received with great enthusiasm in Holland.

A coal famine is feared in Norway.

Minister Conger has received instructions to sign the agreement reached by the Conference of Ministers at Pekin.

## IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Congress is living up to the talk of making this a strictly business session. Old stagers do not remember any first week of a session of Congress in which so much important work has been accomplished as has been done during this week. The Senate started right in by making the Ship-subsidy bill the regular order of business, thus displacing and virtually killing the Spooner Philippine bill, and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which it is desired to get ratified before the Nicaraguan Canal bill is taken up, is being pushed in executive sessions. The House has had one of the regular appropriation bills—Legislative, Executive, Judicial—reported; has passed the Army reorganization bill and the Oleomargarine bill, and the Revenue reduction bill has been reported.

Senator Morgan, who, as chairman of the Canal committee, has charge of the Nicaraguan bill, says the report of the Canal Commission in favor of the Nicaragua route has removed the last vestige of doubt of the passage of that measure.

The so called anti-canteen clause of the Army bill reported to the House this week really has not a word against the continuance of the army canteen. It merely provides that no officer or enlisted man in the army shall sell intoxicants.

Senator Stewart has introduced a bill for the creation of a Supreme Court of the Philippines, to be composed of five Judges, appointed for life, with salaries of \$20,000 a year. He says he placed the salaries at double what is paid members of the U. S. Supreme Court for the purpose of tempting able lawyers into accepting the positions.

## COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Postmaster John L. Bosley, of Paris, and his deputy, Sherman H. Stivers, were arrested Monday and taken before United States Commissioner Hill, at Lexington, charged with misappropriating postal funds. Bosley and Stivers gave bond in the sum of \$15,000 for their future appearance.—Pantagraph.

Deputy U. S. Marshall Gose, has been arrested by order of the Covington health officer, for bringing a Federal prisoner from Carter county suffering from smallpox to appear in the United States Court.

The Kentucky Railroad Commissioners have submitted their annual report to Governor Beckham.

Gov. Beckham's plurality is 3,689.

Bryan's majority over McKinley in Kentucky is 8,098.

## Locals and Personals.

If you have a room to rent, or wish to employ a student girl to work for her board, notify Treas. Osborne.

Aunt Elsie Ballard is no better.

Chas. W. Johnson has returned to Berea. Glad to see him.

Josiah Burdette has 27 men in his employ.

Mrs. John Huff is recovering from her sickness.

B. T. Maltby has returned from his visit home.

Many young people in town to enter as students this term.

James Walkup, a former citizen of Berea is visiting relatives here.

Miss Jennie Estill has been on a visit to her home in Lexington.

Miss Anna Fay Hanson entertained a number of friends Saturday evening.

John Griffin, of Somerset, is in town and has placed his son and two daughters in college.

Daniel Tankersley has moved his residence from Center Street to Water Street.

Howard White, of Litchfield, O., a former student of Berea College, is here on a visit.

Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Culbertson, of Cincinnati, O., are guests of President and Mrs. Frost.

Erastus Spence is occupying his new residence, corner of Elder Avenue and Owsley Street.

James Dalton, of Scaffold Cane has rented the Golden blacksmith shop. He will reside in Berea.

Misses Francis Berry and Sallie Barbee spent vacation with the Misses Campbell at Cartersville.

The many friends of Mrs. Julia Hunting will be glad to learn that she is improving in health.

Miss Josephine A. Robinson gave an At Home, Monday afternoon to meet the new lady teachers.

The "town boys' crowd" gave a progressive crokinole party at the Embree residence, Saturday.

The Isaacs' livery stable has been rented to Evan Richardson. Mr. Isaacs goes to Locust Branch to farm.

Miss Flora Edwards spent vacation at her home in Milford, Ohio. Miss Maud Hankins and Mr. Frank Ewers were her guests.

Misses Emma and Laura Spence, who for the past year have been living at Dr. D. K. Pearsons' in Chicago, have returned to Berea.

Mrs. Baker and grandson from Lexington have rented a portion of the residence of Mrs. Lizzie Burke. They will occupy it this month.

President Frost addressed a meeting of citizens in the school house at Farristown, Saturday night, on the Influence of Education in the Home. The attendance was good. The meeting was enlivened by good singing led by students from Berea College.

Infant mortality is something frightful. Nearly one quarter die before they reach one year, one third before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen! The timely use of White's Cream Vermifuge would save a majority of these precious lives. Price 25c. S. E. Welch Jr.

Miss Eloise J. Partridge, Ph. B., of South Bend, Ind., Miss Margaret A. Millham, Ph. B., of South Burlington, Ver., Miss Viola Schumaker, B. A., of Rosston, Pa., and Miss Alice Burnam of Jackson, Mich., have arrived and will teach in the Normal and Model Schools Department of the College.

The closing of the Colored school was a pleasant occasion. The teachers, Misses McBain and Merritt, were warmly commended by the Board for excellent work. The closing exercises were successful. Mr. Titus, chairman of the Board of Trustees, made an address. Berea College was represented by members of the faculty and several students. Misses McBain and Merritt re-enter college at the winter term.

For burns, cuts, bruises, lacerations, or injuries of any description, Ballard's Snow Liniment is a sovereign remedy. It never fails to do good, and so promptly that its wonderful curative properties frequently surprise. Price 25 and 50 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

## Madison County.

"The Pantagraph is in receipt of a loud call from College Hill and Waco republicans asking Prof. James H. Wilson, of College Hill, to become a candidate for superintendent of schools of Madison county."

At this term of the Circuit Court Henry Carr (col) was acquitted of the charge of malicious shooting and wounding, and Mose Chambers, (col) was sentenced to a two years term in the penitentiary for stealing a horse and buggy from W. B. Smith, and Doc Lowry was sentenced to the penitentiary for 20 years. The crime was rape. This is Lowry's third trial.

Mrs. Florida Parrish, wife of Stephen D. Parrish, of Richmond, was on Dec. 5, sworn in as a practicing attorney before the court of appeals. Mr. Parrish, being a lawyer, a double partnership can be formed.

Mrs. Mary H. Grady, an aged lady, a native of this county, met her death one day last week by falling from a second floor window of the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Riffe, of Richmond. She lived about two hours after the fall.

Friday last, Anne Harris, a saloon-keeper of Richmond, stabbed Mr. Sam Lucas, of Berea, traveling salesman for Strater Bros., of Louisville. Harris was placed under \$5000 bond. Mrs. Fannie Million, 98 years of age, died Dec. 6 at the home of her son Doc Million.

The large saw mill of the Southern Lumber Company situated at Valley View has resumed operations after being closed down for four months. They employ more than 100 persons.

During the last three days of November, taxes amounting to more than \$12,000 were paid into the sheriff's office.

S. R. B. Black, a prominent lawyer of Richmond, died Saturday with typhoid fever.

Constipation means the accumulation of waste matter that should be discharged daily, and unless this is done the foul matter is absorbed and poisons the system. Use Herbine to bring about regularity of the bowels. Price 50 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

## Repair That Loom!

Homespun is coming into fashion again, and our girls should keep up the art of spinning. Berea College is finding a market for the products of fireside industry which may bring education and comfort to many homes.

We can pay for well-woven linen 40 cents a yard, jeans 60 cents, linsey 50 cents, well-matched bed coverlets \$4 to \$6. Patent dyes not accepted—old-fashioned indigo preferred.

For information address, JOSEPHINE A. ROBINSON, Homespun Exchange, Berea, Ky.

## Louisville &amp; Nashville R. R.

Time Table in Effect Sept. 1, 1900.

Going North.	Train 6, Daily.
Leave Berea.....	11:49 a. m.
Arrive Richmond.....	12:20 a. m.
Arrive Paris.....	3:15 p. m.
Arrive Cincinnati.....	6:00 p. m.
Going South.	Train 1, Daily.
Leave Berea.....	1:22 p. m.
Arrive Livingston.....	2:18 p. m.

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THE CITIZEN.

BEREA - - - KENTUCKY.

## Greetings to New Students.

THE CITIZEN holds out a warm right hand of welcome to every new student.

Berea looks strange to you today, but it will look home-like tomorrow.

The old students of the Christian Associations are doing their best to make new students feel at home.

We shall be crowded, but hope to find room in our homes and hearts for all who come.

ABOUT SELECTING STUDIES. Every student should have a plan. If you can only stay in school a very short time it is probably best to take one of THE APPRENTICE COURSES which will fit you to earn money. Twenty boys can begin the course in Carpentry, twenty girls can begin the course in House-keeping, and twenty more the course in Nursing. These girls will have two hours instruction in House-keeping or Nursing each day, and take such other studies as may be best for them. The boys in Carpentry do the same. In a short time such students will get enough skill to enable them to earn twice as much as they can now.

Those who can plan to stay longer will be assigned to THE MODEL SCHOOLS in the grade where they can learn most rapidly.

Those who are more advanced—have completed the studies of the Model Schools—so that they have or could get a high grade teacher's certificate, have a choice between three courses.

THE APPLIED SCIENCE COURSE is the shortest, and the one that is best for most young people. It is a two years course, gives you the most necessary studies like book keeping and United States History, and has special studies in farming for the young men, and housekeeping for the young women. The people who graduate from this course will have the most practical training for a successful, happy, and useful life.

THE NORMAL COURSE is the best for teachers. This can be taken in two years by those who hold a first class certificate. It includes the most thorough work in studies necessary for a state certificate, and the splendid training of practice teaching. Berea has done more than any other school for the public schools of Kentucky, and has sent many teachers into other states. If you wish to teach, and to stand high as a teacher, take the Normal Course.

THE ACADEMY AND COLLEGE COURSE is the longest, and for all who can afford it the best of all. This is a two, three, or four years Academy Course, followed by a four years Course in College.

Select your course and stick to it. Perseverance is the pass-word to success.

One or two other words of advice: Spend a little more money if necessary and get comfortably fixed for study. Have a good lamp, a quiet room, healthful clothing and food.

And get to work on your studies the first day. The cure for homesickness is hard study.

And finally don't forget to pray, and don't refuse to sing.

You are starting on a good road.

If you have sore throat, soreness across the back or side, or your lungs feel sore or tender, or you are threatened with diphtheria or pneumonia, apply Ballard's Snow Liniment externally, and use Cousin's Honey of Tar. S. E. Welch Jr.

## Read, Reflect, Act!

Mr. Covington, of Covington & Mitchell has purchased the interest of Mr. Mitchell, deceased, from the administrators, to take effect January 1, 1900. In order to meet our obligations by Jan. 1st., it will be necessary for us to do the greatest business in our career. Our entire stock in this short time must be converted into money, and we know of no better way to bring about this result quick than

## Extraordinary Low Prices.

After a careful consideration we concluded to name such Low Prices on every item in our store as will cause people to wonder.

It has taken a great deal of courage to do this at the very beginning of the Fall Season. But, we figure on doing a tremendous volume of business and at the same time feel that by giving mighty values that we are going to make many new and lasting Customers and increase the prestige of this store for the future. Now, we know, everybody knows that we always have given the best merchandise the market affords. For the Fall our stock of

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Is better, stronger and More Original than ever before. Of course, the early buyers will get the cream of selection and those who grasp the opportunity now will show their good judgement.

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# THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

BEREA. : : KENTUCKY

## FELL FROM A WINDOW.

Henry J. Hayden, Vice President of the New York Central & Hudson River Road, Killed.

New York, Dec. 8.—Henry J. Hayden, vice president of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, jumped or fell from the fourth story window of his residence in this city Friday night and was killed.

A window in the fourth story was open and it is not known whether Mr. Hayden jumped or fell out of the window. It is learned that the deceased was a sufferer from nervousness and heart trouble.

Mr. Hayden was a director in several other railroads and transportation companies.

Mr. Hayden was subject to attacks of shortness of breath and it is supposed that he had been seized with one of these attacks and had opened the window to get fresh air.

When picked up he was fully dressed and the body was yet warm. His head had been crushed in, he having fallen on a flagstone.

Mr. Hayden was born in New England 62 years ago. He was a graduate of the Harvard class of '59. During the civil war he was major in the 4th regiment artillery and at the conclusion of the war joined the regular army.

Later he became connected with a western railroad and then with the Boston & New Albany railroad and subsequently with the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Co.

About 20 years ago Mr. Hayden became acquainted with the Vanderbilt family and soon after was made general traffic manager of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad. For the past few years he has been second vice president of that road.

## GAINED HIS POINT.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's Heirs Agree to the Appraisal of the Estate as Made by the Receiver.

New York, Dec. 8.—After a long delay the heirs of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt have agreed to the appraisal of the estate as made by G. D. Hasbrouck, representing the state controller. This appraisal is \$52,500,000 for the real estate. The figures insisted on by the heirs were \$49,825,856.96, but Mr. Hasbrouck stood firm and has gained his point.

In the meantime there was a great speculation as to what the residuary estate would be. According to the terms of the will all that remained after the various bequests had been divided was to go to Alfred Vanderbilt.

## FOR SOUTH AMERICA.

Adm. Kautz Received Orders to Sail Without Delay—Left San Diego, Cal., on Saturday.

San Diego, Cal., Dec. 8.—Adm. Kautz received orders Friday afternoon to sail without delay to South America, and, in accordance with these instructions, preparations are now being hurriedly made for both the Iowa and Philadelphia to leave this port Saturday. The cause for this hurry order is not made public, but came as a great surprise to Adm. Kautz and all naval officers here.

Orders have been given to put 1,000 tons of coal on board the flagship for her cruise south, but this was canceled Friday afternoon when only half the order had been delivered.

## OVER A CARTOON.

Fatal Quarrel Between Rev. John Wohl and Attorney S. D. Stokes at Williamson, W. Va.

Williamson, W. Va., Dec. 6.—Rev. John Wohl, a Presbyterian minister, and Attorney S. D. Stokes, quarreled on Wednesday as a result of a cartoon illustrating the evil effects of the dance used by the minister in a sensational sermon preached last Sunday. Wednesday afternoon they met on the streets and a quarrel ensued. Calling Stokes a liar, Wohl advanced upon him with a drawn revolver. A shot was fired, seriously wounding Stokes, who as he fell drew his revolver and fired on Wohl, killing him instantly. Stokes surrendered.

## Lord Roberts at Durban.

Durban, Dec. 6.—Lord Roberts, who has arrived here, was accorded a tumultuous reception. Members of the Irish association dragged his carriage to the town hall. The streets were profusely decorated and crowded to suffocation. Numerous addresses were presented to the field marshal.

## Why Kruger Was Snubbed.

Berlin, Dec. 8.—A sensation was caused in the reichstag Friday when Herr Roesike, agrarian, accused Chancellor von Buelow of deceiving the kaiser on the Transvaal war. Roesike regretted that the Kaiser had not received Kruger, because it made it certain that his refusal to do so was due to a fear of England.

**American Bank in Rotterdam.**  
Washington, Dec. 8.—An American bank with a capital of about \$8,000,000, of which a third is paid up, has been organized in Rotterdam, according to Vice Consul General Hanauer at Frankfurt, Germany. The institution has for its aim the advancement of American trade.

# CONGRESS IN SESSION.

## Army Reorganization and the Oleomargarine Bills Passed.

A Resolution to appropriate \$250,000 and to admit Exhibits Free of Duty to the West Indian Exposition Passed.

Washington, Dec. 5.—The programme of the senate leaders for a business session was taken up in earnest Tuesday and material progress was made. What is popularly known as the ship subsidy bill was made the unfinished business of the senate, instead of the Spooner Philippine measure, and the discussion of it was opened by Mr. Frye, (Me.) chairman of the committee on commerce, from which the measure was reported.

Bills on the calendar were passed as follows: To authorize the use of depositions before naval courts in certain cases, with an amendment restricting its operation to depositions taken at the instance of the accused; to authorize Captain N. M. Brooks, superintendent of foreign mails, to accept the decoration of the Red Eagle of the third class from the emperor of Germany; to authorize Hon. John D. Meiklejohn to accept a decoration of the first class from the government of Sweden and Norway; to encourage the holding of an interstate and West Indian exposition in Charleston, S. C., in 1901. The measure appropriates \$250,000 and admits exhibits free of duty.

The session of the house Tuesday was brief. The real work began on Wednesday, when the house took up the consideration of the army reorganization bill, which Mr. Hull, the chairman of the committee on military affairs, reported Tuesday.

Washington, Dec. 6.—When the session of the senate opened Wednesday the credentials of Samuel D. McEnery and Murphy J. Foster, as senators from Louisiana, and George P. Wetmore, from Rhode Island, were received. Bills were passed permitting Capt. B. H. McCalla and Commander W. C. Wise, of the United States navy, to accept decorations from the emperor of Germany.

Consideration of the ship subsidy bill was then resumed. Mr. Frye, of Maine, concluding his speech begun Tuesday, said the amount of subsidy should be no more than \$9,000,000 per year. That limit, he said, was fixed definitely in the bill.

Washington, Dec. 6.—The house devoted the day to the army reorganization bill, which was brought up under a special order adopted at the opening of the session, which limited general debate to two hours on a side.

Washington, Dec. 7.—The house of representatives Thursday, at the end of a long sitting, passed the army reorganization bill by a vote of 166 to 133. Three democrats—Messrs. Hall (Pa.) and Underhill and Clayton (N. Y.)—voted with the republicans for the bill, and Mr. Call (rep., Mass.) with the democrats against it. Otherwise it was a strict party vote.

Quite a number of amendments were placed upon the bill before it was passed. The liveliest fight was made on a substitute offered by Mr. Littlefield (Me.) for the canteen section. The substitute absolutely prohibited the sale of intoxicants at military posts.

The senate was in executive session for more than four hours, the entire time being devoted to the discussion by Senator Morgan of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty which relates to the Nicaragua canal.

Washington, Dec. 8.—The house Friday passed the Grouse oleomargarine bill by a vote of 196 to 92. The substitute offered by the minority committee on agriculture, which imposed additional restrictions on the sale of oleomargarine to prevent its fraudulent sale as butter, and increased the penalties for violators, was defeated by a vote of 113 to 178.

The bill as passed makes all articles known as oleomargarine, butterine, imitation butter or imitation cheese, transported into any state or territory for consumption or sale, subject to the police power of such state or territory, but prevents any state or territory from forbidding the transportation or sale of such product when produced and sold free from coloration in imitation of butter. The bill increases the tax on oleomargarine colored in imitation of butter from 2 to 10 cents per pound, and decreases the tax on oleomargarine uncolored from 2 cents to 1/4 of a cent per pound.

A bill was introduced to bring about federal prohibition of polygamy by Representative Taylor, of Ohio.

No business of importance was transacted in the senate Friday in open session. Practically the entire legislative day was consumed by an executive session.

## New Western Railway.

Santa Fe, N. M., Dec. 8.—The Santa Fe, Albuquerque & Pacific Railway Co. Friday filed incorporation papers. One hundred and fifty miles of road is to be constructed from Santa Fe to Albuquerque, connecting with the Denver & Rio Grande at San Pedro.

## Condition of the Treasury.

Washington, Dec. 8.—Friday's statement of the treasury balances in the general fund, exclusive of the \$150,000,000 gold reserve in the division of redemption, shows Available cash balance, \$137,976,438; gold, \$76,802,285.

## SIMPLE HAY RACK.

It Can Be Built at Small Expense and Is Easily Stored Away When Not in Use.

The hayrack illustrated herewith is for use on a common high farm wagon. Side sills are two pieces two by four inches by 14 feet; for a low wagon two by six inches is better. To these attach four strips 1 1/2 by 3 inches on bottom edge by means of half-inch bolts running through the semicircular arms 2 1/2 by 3 inches. Two pieces of one by four are laid on both ends of arms and bolted on so that the hind wheels can operate between and up through them. To make an arch (a or b) over hind wheels, three pieces of wood or iron



HOME-MADE HAY RACK.

bent in form of a half circle, or two strips cut with an elongated circle and bolted to the one by four inch strips and covered with short pieces of thin boards, keep hay or grain from coming in contact with wheels. The front guard or standard should be fastened to side sills by means of a full length rod and just back of front arm and attached so as to be raised up or down. The stakes at rear end fastened in same manner. This renders it more convenient to store away under some low shed when not in use.—R. Logan, in Farm and Home.

## EXPENSE OF HAULING.

In New Jersey It Has Been Reduced to a Minimum by the Building of Stone Roads.

Regarding the making of stone roads the question is frequently asked whether the increased taxation does not amount to more than the advantages gained. State Commissioner Budd, of New Jersey, reports that before the construction of good roads the expense of carting a few pounds of produce to market was so great that farmers, where possible, found it much cheaper to send by car or boat. But now they are purchasing broad tread wagons, which carry from 120 to 225 five-eighths bushel baskets of vegetables and fruits, while before they only carried from 30 to 50 baskets, and are returning with from three to five-ton loads of manure. On the ferry leading to the Philadelphia markets this year the passage of 2,440 teams per day was counted carrying from three to five tons on each load. Stone roads place the farmers almost at the door of the consumer, saving many intermediaries, all of whom are forced to have a profit. His increased loads, the saving in transportation, the dispensing with the commission man, and the delivering of the produce to the grocer or consumers' doors have resulted in saving to the individual farmer sums ranging from ten to twenty dollars on each load.

## WIDE TIRES NEEDED.

They Make Travel More Pleasant and Do Not Destroy the Surfaces of Roads.

We frequently have pointed out in these columns the injury to public roads resulting from the use upon them of narrow-tired vehicles, particularly heavy farm wagons of great burden. It has been proven that wide tires



## HUNTING THE ROAD'S BOTTOM.

make draft lighter and travel more rapid and at the same time maintain a uniform evenness and smoothness of the road's surface, which at once marks them as public benefactors. Note in the accompanying illustration the narrow tires "hunting the bottom of the earth," forming ruts that will make travel rough and disagreeable for weeks and weeks. Wide tires should come into general use on country roads and no heavy farm wagon without them should be driven upon any thoroughfare when the ground is saturated with water, or after heavy rains.—Farmers' Voice.

## Wheelmen Urge Road Tax.

The Michigan division of the League of American Wheelmen is preparing a bill for introduction in the legislature providing for a road poll tax. It will provide that every able-bodied man in the state between and inclusive of the ages of 21 and 60 shall pay this tax, and the receipts will be used to build and repair roads in the county in which it is collected, and where the petitioners for such roads will agree to pay their whole road tax in cash instead of work. The plan has received satisfactory approval.

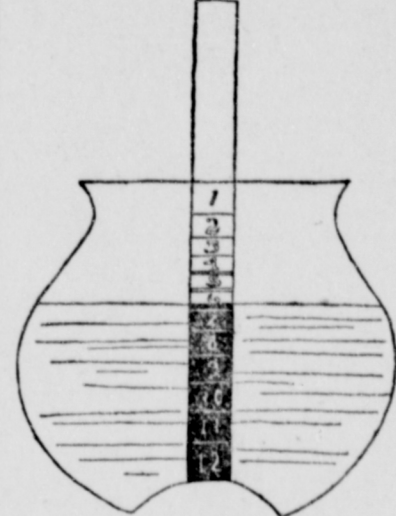
## How to Economize Labor.

When too much land is cultivated the farmer is compelled to slight his crops to a certain extent, and what he gains in area cultivated he loses in yield. It will be more profitable to cultivate only as much land as can be given careful attention. The manure that is sufficient for a small field, and which would increase the yield, will give but little benefit on a large surface. Small farms permit of greater economy of labor and can be made more fertile every year.

## AN OLD SAND CLOCK.

It Used to Mark Time in Olden Times, Before Clocks and Watches Had Been Invented.

It is very easy for us who have watches and clocks to tell the time of day or to note the passage of the minutes, but in the olden time, before the invention of clocks and watches, there were others just as important to their owners, if not quite as accurate as ours. At first the ancients had sun-dials, by which it was easy to tell the hour of the day by the shadow that they cast. In the night time this was impossible, and so water clocks and sand clocks were invented. The water clock was nothing more than a vessel of water



AN OLD SAND CLOCK.

with a small hole in the bottom through which the water leaked away. An upright rod in the vessel was marked by the hours registered on the sundial in such a way that as the water flowed out the figures remaining above water showed how many hours had passed since it was filled. But this was rather inconvenient, for the vessel had to be refilled every day, and it was rather a damp clock at best, not well adapted to stand on the mantel-piece. Working on the principle used in it of reckoning the time by the amount of space left empty, the idea of using sand, the most fluid of solids, was reached. This was not allowed to run away, but merely passed through a minute hole from one glass to the other. In the National museum of Germany is one of the oldest of these sand clocks, dating from the year 1600. It was intended to mark each quarter of the hour, for on the first hour glass the figure one-quarter showed that when all of its sand had passed downward 15 minutes were past. The second was marked two-four; it was a half-hour glass. The third was marked three-four, making the last a real hour glass. All the difference between the four glasses lies in the amount of sand being increased by the amount in the first one in each succeeding glass.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## No More Interruptions.

A clergyman who had been annoyed during his sermon by whisperings and movements, stopped abruptly and said: "Some time ago, while delivering my sermon, I was frequently interrupted by a man who gesticulated, moved about and whispered to his neighbors, and at last I addressed to him a sharp reprimand for his unseemly conduct. When the service was over my clerk asked if I was ignorant of the fact that the person addressed was an idiot! I have since then always hesitated to reprint and any of my congregation for interrupting me, for fear that I may be addressing an idiot, who is not responsible for his actions." Silence reigned throughout the remainder of that sermon.

## The Joke Was on Roots.

"Roots" is the name the students gave to the Greek professor. He is very sharp, and prides himself on detecting the boys who crib in examinations. The other day he thought he caught a student, sure. He saw him take out his watch and look at it. Roots sneaked up the aisle, and caught the student at his watch again. He saw a slip of paper inside the case. So he marched the student up to the desk. "Sir," said he, "you have been using a crib." The student denied it. "Hand me your watch." The student did so. Roots took out the paper triumphantly, and read on it the one word—"Fooled!"

## TYE, THE ELEPHANT.

Once He Got Very Angry and Pretty Nearly Killed His Master by Stamping on Him.

It has been estimated that there are about 40,000 muscles in the elephant's trunk, and their strength is well illustrated by the amount they can move with ease. When an athlete wishes to show the development to which he has attained, he performs some feat that brings into prominence the muscle of which he is so proud. In like manner Tye in his present position shows us how large and rope-like those 40,000 muscles in his trunk have become by exercise.

His driver or "mahout" was in the habit, when Tye's movements began to be very slow, as though he had rheumatism in all his joints, of giving him a little jaggery (a coarse preparation of sugar), and it was astonishing how quickly his joints limbered and his movements quickened. One day the supply of jaggery gave out with yet a number of logs to be lifted, and instead of sweetmeats, Tye received only blows and prods and tail-twistings to quicken his lagging footsteps. He was greatly incensed. He kept on with his work until the other elephants and their masters had gone home. The river of Vygh, beside whose waters Tye and his master were working, was very low. Deep sand made walking with a heavy load exceedingly tiresome. Tye had a heavy piece of timber in his trunk and his master was growing crosser and more abusive, when suddenly dropping his load, Tye made a vicious attack on his oppressor. He knocked the "mahout" down with his trunk and then stamped on him with his two fore feet.

Then, as fast as his heavy, clumsy legs would carry him, he sped on the road toward Pasauali, the nearest town. Tye had not gone far before quite a number of natives were in pursuit. Among them was a young native so strong, so agile and so quick-witted that, catching hold of Tye's tail, he



TYE AT WORK.

worked himself up on the animal's back and gained control of the scared and by this time repentant elephant. There were those who recognized where Tye belonged, and in driving back to his village who should meet them on the way but Tye's old master. The deep sand had prevented his being crushed by Tye's heavy feet. Everyone expressed great surprise and delight at this wonderful escape. And no one appeared more joyful than Tye, for elephants, although they get very angry and do very vicious things to those who offend them, soon forget their animosity and resume their usual quiet, docile demeanor.—Alice M. Muzzy, in Farm and Home.

## Lincoln's Amusing Report.

Some years before he became president, a firm applied to Abraham Lincoln for information as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied as follows: "Yours of the tenth inst. received. I am well acquainted with Mr. X— and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together, they ought to be worth \$50,000. Secondly, he has an office, in which there is a table worth one and a half dollars, and three chairs' worth, say, one dollar. Last of all, there is in one corner a large hat hole, which will bear looking into. Respectfully yours, A. Lincoln." We hope that the report proved satisfactory.

## Diggest Bell in the World.

The greatest bell in the world is in an edifice before the great temple of Buddha, of Tokyo. It weighs 1,700,000 pounds and is four times greater than the great bell of Moscow, whose circumference at the rim is nearly 68 feet and whose height is 21 feet.

## ONLY SHEEP TEAM IN THE UNITED STATES.



This picture, which we take from Leslie's Weekly, shows Miss Clementine Rackliffe and her unusual turnout drawn by lambs. The team is quite unique, being the only sheep team in the country, and has caused no little sensation in the town of Corinna, Me., where Hon. H. B. Rackliffe is one of the chief citizens. The pole lambs are two years old, and are Canadian lambs of mixed black and white. The lead lamb is jet black, and comes from Nova Scotia. Their names are Shady, Shabby and Shaddy. They often travel five miles an hour.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for December 16, 1900.—Zaccheus the Publican.

[Prepared by H. C. Lorington.]  
THE LESSON TEXT.  
(Luke 19:1-10.)

1. And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho.  
2. And, behold, there was a man named Zaccheus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich.  
3. And he sought to see Jesus who He was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature.  
4. And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him; for He was to pass that way.  
5. And when Jesus came to the place, He looked up, and saw him, and said unto him: Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for today I must abide at thy house.  
6. And he made haste, and came down, and received Him joyfully.  
7. And when they saw it, they all murmured, saying: That He was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner.  
8. And Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord: Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.  
9. And Jesus said unto him: This day is salvation come to this house, for so much as he also is a son of Abraham.  
10. For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—Luke 19:10.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS.**  
No intervening events between last lesson and this are recorded in the Gospel. The time is toward the end of March, A. D., and the place Jericho.

**LESSON ANALYSIS.**  
Zaccheus the Man.—V. 1-2. Bound to See Jesus.—V. 3-4. Jesus Calls to Zaccheus.—V. 5. Zaccheus' Response.—V. 6. Contemptuous Attitude of Pharisees.—V. 7. Zaccheus' Repentance (and) Forgiveness.—V. 8. Salvation.—V. 9. The Mission of Jesus on Earth.—V. 10.

Zaccheus the Man.—One of the notable things about this lesson is the fact that in so brief a space is so complete a description given of one of the story's principal characters. More things are told about the man Zaccheus than we would at first think possible to be crowded into the limits of ten short verses. (1) He was a Jew, for Jesus mentions (v. 9) that he was "a son of Abraham." (2) He was a citizen of the city of Jericho, for it was there that Jesus stayed in his house. (3) He was a publican, or we would say a taxgatherer. (4) He was, before meeting with Jesus, an exception to the general run of taxgatherers—that is, in the way of rapacity and extortion. We know this from the fact that when he repented he promised to restore fourfold to those from whom he had taken anything "by false accusation." Some of his wealth was honestly acquired, or he could not have restored fourfold. (5) He was rich both from what he had rightfully earned and wrongfully extorted. (6) He was a leader by nature and disposition, for we are told that he was a chief publican. (7) He was short of stature. (8) He was persistent and determined. We could infer this from the material success which he had achieved, but it is shown in the manner by which he accomplished his purpose of seeing Jesus. (9) He was enthusiastic, for we are told he received Jesus "joyfully." (10) Lastly, his must have been a more than ordinarily generous disposition; in fact, "a good fellow." He did not have to restore fourfold to those whom he had overcharged. Many good people would have stopped with paying merely the amount wrongfully taken, adding only the accumulated interest.

Bound to See Jesus.—He had heard of Jesus probably during more or less of the Master's three years of public ministry. He must have heard of some at least of the wonderful miracles performed. He must have heard of His forcible, authoritative preaching. He could hardly not have heard of some of the disputes with the pharisees, in which every time the latter had retired baffled, defeated. He wanted to see Jesus, but, being shorter than the crowd, he had to sacrifice his dignity and climb into a tree. "Where there's a will there's a way."

Contemptuous Attitude of the Pharisees.—Contrast Jesus' open-hearted way in which Jesus had entered into the home of this man, and the small, mean manner of the pharisees, who stood aloof and murmured at Jesus having "gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner." This was only another proof of their self-righteousness and bigotry.

Zaccheus' Repentance.—Zaccheus faced the Christ life and the Pharisaical smallness of mind. In this hour he found himself compelled to choose between sin and righteousness.

Zaccheus' Salvation.—Jesus commended Zaccheus for the stand he had taken and impliedly rebuked the pharisees, for Jesus says "he also is a son of Abraham." Though a publican, Zaccheus had repented of the evil he had done. He was a Jew, but more than this he had now become a "son of Abraham" in a way the pharisees had not.

The Mission of Jesus. But Jesus had a further reason for associating with such men as Zaccheus. It was His supreme mission on earth to bring back the sinners to the way of eternal life, "to seek and to save that which was lost."

## Figs and Thistles.

Meekness with God leads to might with men.

Religion is not a scheme to get good crops from poor sowing.

It is only as long as God's sun shines on this world that it is fair.

Hindrances are the ever-ascending rungs in the ladder God makes for us. When there is sunshine in the soul there will be flowers and fruit in the life.

Only the man who can say "All my springs are in thee," can go through the dry and thirsty land of man's Horn.



## JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story.—Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Some likes it," says Gerrian; "but tain't like old Agree to me. I can't git nothin' as sweet as the taste of yaller corn into spirit. But I reckon thar ken be stuff made out er grapes what'll make all owdooers stan' round. Thia yer wuz made by the priests. What ken you 'spect of priests? They ain't more'n half men now. I'm goan to plant a vineyard er my own, and fore you cum out to buy another quartz mine. I'll hev some of thar strychnine what'll wax Burbon County's much 'n our inyans here ken waz them low-lived smellers what they grow to old Pike."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE HORSE.

Hector of Troy, Homer's Hector, was my first hero of literature. Not because he loved his wife and she him, as I fancy that noble wives and husbands love in the times of trial now; but simply because he was one that could master the horse.

As soon as I knew Hector, I began to emulate him. My boyish experiments were on donkeys, and failed. "I couldn't wallop 'em. O no, no!" That was my difficulty. Had I but met an innocent and docile donkey in his downy years! Alas! only the perverted donkey, bristly and incorrigible, came under my tutelage. I was too humane to give him stick enough, and so he mastered me.

Horses I learned to govern by the law of love. The relation of friendship once established between man and horse, there is no trouble. A centaur (an imaginary creature with upper part like a man, and lower part like a horse) is created. The man wills whither; the horse, at the will of his better half, does his best to go thither. I became, very early, a horseman, not by force, but by kindness. All lower beings—fendish beings apart—unless spoiled by treachery, seek the society of the higher; as man, by nature, loves God. Horses will do all they know for men. If man will only let them. All they need is a slight hint to help their silly willing brains, and they dash with ardor at their business of galloping a mile a minute, or twenty miles an hour, or of leaping a gully, or pulling tonnage. They put so much reckless, break-neck frenzy in their attempt to please and obey the royal personage on their back, that he needs to be brave indeed to go thoroughly with him.

The finer the horse, the more delicate the magnetism between him and man. Knight and his steed have an affinity for each other. I fancied that Gerrian's black, after our mutual friendly recognition on the prairie, would like me better as our intimacy grew.

After hobnobbing with cracked tumblers of the Mission Dolores wine, Gerrian and I mounted our mustangs and rode toward the corral.

All about on the broad slopes, the ranchero's countless cattle were feeding. It was a patriarchal scene. The local patriarch, in a red flannel shirt purpled by sun and shower, in old buckskin breeches with the fringe worn away and declimated along its flaps whenever a thong was wanted, in red-topped boots with the maker's name, Abel Cushing, Lynn, Mass., stamped in gilt letters on the red—in such costume the local patriarch hardly recalled those turbaned and white-robed chiefs of yore, Abraham and his Isaac. But he represented the same period of history modernized, and the same type of man Americanized; and I have no doubt his posterity will turn out better than Abraham's.

The cattle scampered away from us, as we rode, hardly less wild than the buffaloes on the Platte. Whenever we rose on the crest of a hillock, we could see several thousands of the little fierce bullocks—some rolling away in flight, in a black breadth, like a shaken carpet; some standing in little groups, like field officers at a review, watching the movements as a squadron after squadron came and went over the scene; some, as arbitrators and spectators, surrounding a pair of champion bulls butting and bellowing in some amphitheatre among the swells of land.

"I tell you what it is, stranger," said Gerrian, halting and looking proudly over the landscape, "I wouldn't swap my place with General Price at the White House."

"I should think not," said I; "bullocks are better company than office-seekers."

It was a grand, simple scene. All open country, north and south, as far as the eye could see. Eastward rose the noble blue barrier of the Sierra, with here and there a field, a slope, a spot, or a pinnacle of the countenance of larger feeling than any we have shown in the old states, on the western side of the continent. Those rigorous mountain outlines on the near horizon utterly dwarf all our wooded hills. Alleghenies, Greens, Whites. A race trained within sight of such loftiness of nature must needs be a loftier race than any this land has yet known. Put cheap types of mankind within the influence of the sublimities, and they are cowed; but the great-hearted expand with vaster visions. A great snow-pouk, like one of the Tacomas of Ore-

gon, is a terrible monitor over a land; but it is also a benignant sovereign, a presence, a calm, solemn, yet not without a cheering and jubilant splendor. A range of sharp, peremptory mountains, like the Sierra Nevada, insists taking thought away from the grovelling flats where men do their grubbing for the bread of daily life, and up to the master heights, whither in all ages seers have gone to be nearer mystery and God.

It was late August. All the tall grass and wild oats and barley, over lift, level, and hollow, were ripe yellow or warm brown—a golden mantle over the golden soil. There were but two colors in the simple, broad picture—clear, deep, scintillating blue in the sky, melting blue in the mountains, and all the earth a golden surging sea.

"It's a bigger country 'n old Pike or Missouri anywhere," says Gerrian, giving his "curwoyow" the spur. "I'd rather hev this, even of the shakes wuz here instid of thar, and havin' their grab reglar twicet a day all the year round."

As we rode on, our ponies half hidden in the dry, rustling grass of a hollow, a tramp of hoofs came to us with the wind—a thrilling sound! with something free and vigorous in it that the charge of trained squarons never has.

"Thar they come!" cried Gerrian; "thar's a regiment wuth seeing. They can't show you a sight like that to the old states."

"No indeed. The best thing to be loped for there in the way of stampede is when a horse kicks through a dash-board, kills a coachman, shatters a carriage, dissipates a load of women and children, and goes tearing down a turnpike, with 'sold to an omnibus' awaiting him at the end of his runaway!"

We halted to pass the coming army of riderless steeds in review.

There they came! Gerrian's whole band of horses in full career! First, their heads suddenly lifted above a crest of the prairie; then they burst over, like the foam and spray of a black, stormy wave when a blast strikes it, and wildly swept by us with manes and tails flaring in the wind. It was magnificent. My heart of a horseman leaped in my breast. "Hurrah!" I cried.

"Hurrah 't is!" said Gerrian. The herd dashed by in a huddle, making for the corral.

Just behind, aloof from the rush and scamper of his less noble brethren, came the black, my purchase, my old friend.

"Ef you ever ride or back that curwoyow," says Gerrian, "I'll eat a six-shooter, loaded and capped."

"You'd better begin, then, at once," rejoined I, "whetting your teeth on Derringers. I mean to ride him, and you shall be by when I do it."

It was grand to see a horse that understood and respected himself so perfectly. One, too, that meant the world should know that he was the very chiefest chief of his race, proud with the blood of a thousand kings. How masterly he looked! How untamably he stepped! The herd was galloping furiously. He disdained to break into a gallop. He trotted after, a hundred feet behind the hindmost, with large and liberal action. And even at this half speed easily overtaking his slower comrades, he from time to time, paused, bounded in the air, tossed his head, flung out his legs, and strode on again, whirling all over with suppressed power.

There was not a white spot upon him, except where a flake of foam from his indignant nostril had caught upon his flank. A thoroughbred horse, with the perfect tail and silky mane of a noble race. His coat glistened, as if the best groom in England had just given him the final touches of his toilette for a canter in Rotten Row. But it seems a sin to compare such a free rover of the prairie with any less favored brother, who needs a groom, and has felt a currycomb.

Hard after the riderless horses came Jose, the vaquero, on a fast mustang. As he rode, he whirled his lasso with easy turn of the wrist.

The black, trotting still, and halting still to curvet and caracole, turned back his head contemptuously at his pursuer. "Mexicans may chase their own ponies and break their spirit by brutality; but an American horse is no more to be touched by a Mexican than an American man. Bah! make your east! Don't trifle with your lasso! I challenge you! Jerk away, Senor Greaser! I give you as fair a chance as you could wish."

So the black seemed to say, with his provoking backward glance and his winny of disdain.

Jose took the hint. He dug cruel spurs into his horse. The mustang leaped forward. The black gave a tearing bound and quickened his pace, but still waited the will of his pursuer.

They were just upon us, chased and chaser, thundering down the slope, when the vaquero, checking his wrist at the turn, flung his lasso straight as an arrow for the black's head.

I could hear the hide rope sing through the summer air, for a moment breeziness.

Will he be taken! Will horse or man be victor!

The loop of the lasso opened like a hoop. It hung poised for one instant a few feet before the horse's head, vibrating in the air, keeping its circle perfect, waiting for the vaquero's pull to tighten about that proud neck and those swelling shoulders.

Hurrah!

Through it went the black.

With one brave bound he dashed through the open loop. He touched

only to spurn its vain assault with his hindmost hoof.

"Hurrah!" I cried.

"Hurrah 'tis," shouted Gerrian. Jose dragged in his spurred lasso. The black, with elated head, and tail waving like a banner, sprang forward, closed in with the caballero; they parted for his passage, he took his leadership, and presently was lost with his suite over the swells of the prairie.

"Mucho malicho!" cried Gerrian to Jose, not knowing that his California Spanish was interpreting Hamlet. "He ought to hev druv 'em straight to corral. But I don't feel so sharp set on lettin' you hev that black after that shine. Reg'lar circus! You'll never ride him, allowin' he's cotched, no more'n you'll ride a alligator."

Meantime, loping on, we had come in sight of the corral. There, to our great surprise, the whole band of horses had voluntarily entered. They were putting their heads together as the manner of social horses is, and going through kissing manoeuvres in little knots, which presently were broken up by the heels of some ill-mannered or jealous brother. They were very probably discussing the black's act of horsemanship.

We rode up and fastened our horses. The black was within the corral, pawing the ground, neighing, and whinnying. His companions kept at a respectful distance.

"Don't send in Jose!" said I to Gerrian. "Only let him keep off the horses, so that I shall not be kicked, and I will try my hand at the black alone."

"I'll hev 'em all turned out except that black devil, and then you ken go in and take your own risk with him. Akkee Jose!" continued the ranchero, "fwarer to those! Dayher hel diablo!"

Jose drove the herd out of the staked enclosure. The black showed no special disposition to follow. He trotted about at his ease, snuffing at the stakes and bars.

I entered alone. Presently he began to repeat the scene of our first meeting on the prairie. It was not many minutes before we were good friends. He would bear my caresses and my arm about his neck, and that was all for an hour. At last, after a good hour's work, I persuaded him to accept a halter. Then by gentle seductions I induced him to start and accompany me homeward.

Gerrian and the Mexican looked on in great wonderment.

"Praps that is the best way," said the modern patriarch, "ef a man has got patience. Looker here, stranger, ain't you a terrible fellow among women?"

I confessed my want of experience. "Well, you will be when your time comes. I allowed from seeing you handle that thar boss, that you had got your hand in on women—they is the wust devils to tame I ever seed."

I had made my arrangements to start about the first of September, with the Sacramento mail-riders, a brace of jolly dogs, brave fellows, who, with their scalps as well secured as might be, ran the gauntlet every alternate month to Salt Lake. That was long before the days of coaches. No pony express was dreamed of. A trip across the plains, without escort or caravan, had still some elements of heroism, if it have not today.

Meantime one of my ardent partners from San Francisco arrived to take my place at the mine.

"I don't think that quartz looks quite so golly as it did at a distance," said he.

"Well," said old Gerrian, who had come over to take possession of his share of our bargain; "it is whiter 'n it's yaller. It does look about as bad off fur slugs as the cellar of an Indiana bank. But I b'leve in luck, and luck is olluz comin' at me with its head down and both eyes shut. I'm goan to shove bullocks down this here hole, or the price of bullocks, until I make it pay."

And it is a fact, that by the aid of Gerrian's capital, and improved modern machinery, after a long struggle, the Fulano mine has begun to yield a sober, quiet profit.

My wooing of the black occupied all my leisure during my last few days. Every day, a circle of Pikes collected to see my management. I hope they took lessons in the law of kindness. The horse was well known throughout the country, and my bargain with Gerrian was noised abroad.

The black would tolerate no one but me. With me he established as close a brotherhood as can be between man and beast. He gave me to understand, by playful protest, that it was only by his good pleasure that I was permitted on his back, and that he endured saddle and bridle; as to spur and whip, they were not thought of by either. He did not obey, but consented. I exercised no control. We were of one mind. We became a Centaur. I loved that horse as I have loved nothing else yet, except the other personages with whom and for whom he acted in this history.

I named him Don Fulano.

I had put my mine into him. He represented to me the whole visible, tangible result of two long, workaday years, dragged out in that dreary spot among the Pikes, with nothing in view except barren hill-sides ravaged by mines, and the unbecomingly shanties of miners as rough as the landscape.

(To be continued.)

All the conductors of the Brookfield (Mass.) trolley line have been appointed special officers.

## CROSSING THE FERRY

Dr. Talmage Tells of David's Passage Over the Jordan.

He Draws a Lesson of Comfort and Hopefulness to All God's Children—The Ferry to Heaven.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

From an unnoticed incident of olden time Dr. Talmage in this discourse draws some comforting and rapturous lessons. The text is 2 Samuel 19:18: "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household."

Which of the crowd is the king? That short man, sunburnt and in fatigues dress. It is David, the exiled king. He has defeated his enemies and is now going home to resume his palace. Good! I always like to see David come out ahead. But between him and his home there is the celebrated river Jordan which has to be passed. The king is accompanied to the bank of the river by an aristocratic old gentleman of 80 years, Barzillai by name, who owned a fine country seat at Rogelim. Besides that, David has his family with him. But how shall they get across the river? While they are standing there I see a ferryboat coming from the other side, and as it cuts through the water I see the faces of David and his household brighten up at the thought of so soon getting home. No sooner has the ferryboat struck the shore than David and his family and his old friend Barzillai, from Rogelim, get on board the boat. Either with splashing oars at the side or with one oar sculling at the stern of the boat they leave the eastern bank of the Jordan and start for the western bank.

That western bank is black with crowds of people, who are waving and shouting at the approach of the king and his family. The military are all out. Some of those who have been David's worst enemies now shout until they are hoarse at his return. No sooner has the boat struck the shore on the western side than the earth quakes and the heavens ring with cheers of welcome and congratulation David and his family and Barzillai from Rogelim step ashore. King David asks his old friend to go with him and live at the palace, but Barzillai apologizes and intimates that he is infirm with age and too deaf to appreciate the music, and has a delicate appetite that would soon be cloyed with luxurious living, and so he begs that David would let him go back to his country seat.

I once heard the father of a president of the United States say that he had just been to Washington to see his son in the white house, and he told me of the wonderful things that occurred there, and of what Daniel Webster said to him, but he declared: "I was glad to get home. There was too much going on there for me." My father, an aged man, made his last visit at my house in Philadelphia, and after the church service was over, and we went home, some one in the house asked the aged man how he enjoyed the service. "Well," he replied, "I enjoyed the service, but there were too many people there for me. It troubled my head very much." The fact is that old people do not like excitement. If King David had asked Barzillai 30 years before to go to the palace, the probability is that Barzillai would have gone, but not now. They kiss each other good-by, a custom among men oriental, but in vogue yet where two brothers part or an aged father and a son go away from each other never to meet again. No wonder that their lips met as King David and old Barzillai, at the prow of the ferryboat, parted forever.

This river Jordan, in all ages and among all languages, has been the symbol of the boundary line between earth and Heaven. Yet when on a former occasion I preached to you about the Jordanian passage I have no doubt that some of you despondingly said: "The Lord might have divided Jordan for Joshua, but not for poor me." Cheer up! I want to show you that there is a way over Jordan as well as through it. My text says: "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household."

All our cities are familiar with the ferryboat. It goes from San Francisco to Oakland and from Liverpool to Birkenhead, and twice every secular day of the week multitudes are on the ferryboats of our great cities, so that you will need to hunt up a classical dictionary to find out what I mean while I am speaking to you about the passage of David and his family across the river Jordan.

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that when we cross over from this world to the next the boat will have to come from the other side. The tribe of Judah, we are informed, sent this ferryboat across to get David and his household. I stand on the eastern side of the river Jordan, and I find no shipping at all, but while I am standing there I see a boat plying through the river, and as I hear the swirl of the waters and the boat comes to the eastern side of the Jordan and David and his family and his old friend step on board that boat I am mightily impressed with the fact that when we cross over from this world to the next the boat will have to come from the opposite shore.

A guide at Niagara falls said to me: "Do you see that rock down in the rapids?" I said: "Yes." "Well," he said, "some years ago a man got into the rapids and floated down until he came to that rock, and he clutched that and held on. We sent five lifeboats at different times out to him, and they were all broken to splinters. After awhile we got him some food, but he could not eat it. He seemed to have no appetite. He wanted to get ashore, and the poor fellow held on and held on, and with a shriek louder than the thunder of the cataract he went over." When a man puts out from the shore of this world to the river of Death in a boat of his own

construction, he has worse disaster than that—shipwreck, eternal shipwreck.

Blessed be God, there is a boat coming from the other side! Transportation at last for our souls from the other shore; everything about this Gospel from the other shore; pardon from the other shore; mercy from the other shore; pity from the other shore; ministry of angels from the other shore; power to work miracles from the other shore; Jesus Christ from the other shore. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and from a foreign shore I see the ferryboat coming, and it rolls with the surges of a Saviour's suffering; but as it strikes the earth the mountains rock, and the dead adjust their apparel so that they may be fit to come out. That boat touches the earth, and glorious Thomas Walsh gets into it in his expiring moment, saying: "He has come! He has come! My Beloved is mine, and I am His." Good Sarah Wesley got into that boat, and as she shoved off from the shore she cried: "Open the gates! Open the gates!" I bless God that as the boat came from the other shore to take David and his men across, so, when we are about to die, the boat will come from the same direction. God forbid that I should ever trust to anything that starts from this side.

Again, my subject suggests that when we cross over at the last the King will be on board the boat. Ship carpentry in Bible times was in its infancy. The boats were not skillfully made, and I can very easily imagine that the women and the children of the King's household might have been nervous about going on that boat, afraid that the oarsman or the helmsman might give out and that the boat might be dashed on the rocks, as sometimes boats were dashed in the Jordan, and then I could have imagined the black starting and rocking, and they crying out: "Oh, we are going to be lost. We are going down!" Not so. The King was on board the boat, and those women and children and all the household of the king knew that every care was taken to have the king—the head of the empire—pass in safety.

Now, I want to break up a delusion in your mind, and that is this: When our friends go out of this world, we feel sorry for them, because they have to go alone; and parents hold on to the hands of their children who are dying, and hold on to something of the impression that the moment they let go the little one will be in the darkness and in the boat all alone. "Oh," the parent says, "if I could only go with my child, I would be willing to die half a dozen times. I am afraid she will be lost in the woods or in the darkness; I am afraid she will be very much frightened in the boat all alone." I break up the delusion. When a soul goes to Heaven, it does not go alone; the King is on board the boat. Was Paul alone in the last extremity? Hear the shout of the sacred missionary as he cries out: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Was John Wesley alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say: "Best of all, God is with us." Was Sir William Forbes alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say to his friends: "Tell all the people who are coming down to the bed of death from my experience it has no terrors." "Oh," say a great many people, "that does very well for distinguished Christians, but for me, a common man, for me, a common woman, we can't expect that guidance and help." If I should give you a passage of Scripture that would promise to you positively when you are crossing the river to the next world the King would be in the boat, would you believe the promise? "Oh, yes," you say, "I would." Here is the promise: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Christ at the sick pillow to take the soul out of the body; Christ to help the soul down the bank into the boat; Christ midstream; Christ on the other side to help the soul up the beach. Be comforted about your departed friends. Be comforted about your own demise when the time shall come. Tell it to all the people under the sun that no Christian ever dies alone; the King is in the boat.

Again, my text suggests that leaving this world for Heaven is only crossing a ferry. Dr. Shaw estimates the average width of the Jordan to be about 30 yards. What, so narrow? Yes. "There went over a ferryboat to carry the king's household." Yes, going to Heaven is only a short trip—only a ferry. It may be 80 miles—that is, 80 years—before we get to the wet bank on the other side, but the crossing is short. I will tell you the whole secret. It is not five minutes across, nor three, nor two, nor one minute. It is instantaneous transportation. People talk as though leaving this life, the Christian went plunging and floundering and swimming, to crawl up exhausted on the other shore, and to be pulled out of the pelting surf as by a Ramsgate lifeboat. No such thing. It is only a ferry. It is so narrow that we can hail each other from bank to bank. It is only four arms' lengths across. The arm of earthly farewell put out from this side, the arm of Heavenly welcome put out from the other side, while the dying Christian, standing midstream, stretches out his arms, the one to take the farewell of earth, and the other to take the greeting of Heaven. That makes four arms' lengths across the river.

Blessed be God, that when we leave this world we are not to have a great and perilous enterprise of getting into Heaven. Not a dangerous Franklin expedition to find the northwest passage among icebergs. Only a ferry. That accounts for something you have never

been able to understand. You never supposed that very nervous and timid Christian people could be so unexcited and placid in the last hour. The fact is, they were clear down on the bank, and they saw there was nothing to be frightened about. Such a short distance—only a ferry. With one ear they heard the funeral psalm in their memory, and with the other ear they heard the song of Heavenly salutation. The willows on this side the Jordan and the Lebanon cedars on the other almost interlocked their branches. Only a ferry.

My subject also suggests the fact that when we cross over at the last we shall find a solid landing. The ferryboat as spoken of in my text means a place to start from and a place to land, David and his people did not find the eastern shore of the Jordan any more solid than the western shore where he landed, and yet to a great many Heaven is not a real place. To you Heaven is a fog bank in the distance. Now, my Heaven is a solid Heaven. After the resurrection has come you will have a resurrected foot and something to tread on and a resurrected eye and colors to see with it and a resurrected ear and music to regale it. Smart men in this day are making a great deal of fun about St. John's materialistic descriptions of Heaven. Well, now, my friends, if you will tell me what will be the use of a resurrected body in Heaven with nothing to tread on and nothing to hear and nothing to handle and nothing to taste then I will laugh, too. Are you going to float about in ether forever, swinging about your hands and feet through the air indifferently, one moment sweltering in the center of the sun and the next moment shivering in the mountains of the moon? That is not my Heaven. Dissatisfied with John's materialistic Heaven, theological thinkers are trying to patch up a Heaven that will do for them at last. I never heard of a Heaven I want to go to except St. John's Heaven. I believe I shall hear Mr. Toplady sing yet and Isaac Watts recite hymns and Mozart play. "Oh," you say, "where would you get the organ?" The Lord will provide the organ. Don't you bother about the organ. I believe I shall yet see David with a harp, and I will ask him to sing one of the songs of Zion. I believe after the resurrection I shall see Massillon, the great French pulpit orator, and I shall hear from his own lips how he felt on that day when he preached the king's funeral sermon and flung his whole audience into a paroxysm of grief and solemnity. I have no patience with your transcendental, gaseous Heaven. My Heaven is not a fog bank. My eyes are unto the hills, the everlasting hills. The King's ferryboat, starting from a wharf on this side, will go to a wharf on the other side.

Again, my subject teaches that when we cross over at the last we shall be met at the landing. When David and his family went over in the ferryboat spoken of in the text, they landed amid a nation that had come out to greet them. As they stepped from the deck of the boat to the shore there were thousands of people who gathered around them to express a satisfaction that was beyond description. And so you and I will be met at the landing. Our arrival will be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople among a crowd of strangers. It will be among friends, good friends, those who are warm-hearted friends, and all their friends. We know people whom we have never seen by hearing somebody talk about them very much; we know them almost as well as if we had seen them. And do you suppose that our parents and brothers and sisters and children in Heaven have been talking about us all these years, and talking to their friends? So that, I suppose, when we cross the river at the last we shall not only be met by all those Christian friends whom we knew on earth, but by all their friends. They will come down to the landing to meet us. Your departed friends love you now more than they ever did. You will be surprised at the fact to find how they know about all the affairs of your life. Why, they are only across the ferry, and the boat is coming this way, and the boat is going that way. I do not know but they have already asked the Lord the day, the hour, the moment when you are coming across and that they know now, but I do know that you will be met at the landing. The poet Southey said he thought he should know Bishop Heber in Heaven by the portraits he had seen of him in London, and Dr. Randolph said he thought he would know William Cowper, the poet, in Heaven, from the pictures he had seen of him in England; but we will know our departed kindred by the portraits hung in the throneroom of our hearts.

But there is a thought that comes over us like an electric shock. Do I belong to the King's household? Mark you, the text says: "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household," and none but the king's household. Then I ask: "Do I belong to the household? Do you?" If you do not, come to-day and be adopted into that household. "Oh," says some soul here: "I do not know whether the King wants me!" He does; he does. Hear the voice from the throne: "It will be a father to them, and they shall be my sons and daughters, said the Lord Almighty." "Him that cometh unto me," Christ says, "I will in nowise cast out." Come into the King's household. Sit down at the King's table. Come in and take your apparel from the King's wardrobe, even the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness. Come in and inherit the King's wealth. Come in and cross in the King's ferryboat.

#### Why He Objected.

Ferdy—Her dad is trying to stave off the engagement.

Algy—He has a barrel of money, I suppose?

Ferdy—Yes; and imagines I want to take the staves off the barrel.—Judge.



## Deceived by "Latter Day Saints."

### Virginia Man Tells His Story.

A recent convert to Mormonism makes the following statement, viz:

TO THE PUBLIC:—

My home is in Vicksburg, South-ampton Co., Va. I am thirty-eight years old, and have a family of six children. My sister-in-law died after the death of her husband, and left five children to my care. I had been a Christian more than four years before the Mormon missionaries came to my house, and had found great comfort in the Christian life. I was a member of the Christian church, sometimes called the Disciples. Nine members of my family were also members of the church. George Whittle, and Henry Taggart, Mormon missionaries, came to my house early in December, 1899. They have made their home with me since they came, until this time, in May, 1900. (That is the way they preach the gospel without purse or scrip.) There were six other missionaries coming often to my house and remaining several days at a time. They told us that we must gather to Israel, flee to the mountains; that this was the commandment of the Lord. They talked like Christians, and I believed what they said and trusted them. They said when Christ came He would come to the temple, and we ought to be there. They said polygamy had been done away with—that no one was living in polygamy, nor had been for a great many years. They told us we could not live our religion in Virginia, but ought to come to the mountains. They said the Saints here, (in Utah) were a pure people—no such wickedness as in the States. They represented Utah as a paradise. They wanted us to come to the temple and be sealed to each other as husband and wife and children.

They wanted me to sell all and come with my family. We all joined the Mormon church, and believed what the missionaries had told us. But I did not want to sell my little home until I had come to see. They said I could take up as much land as I wanted when I came, so I decided to come, and sold all my farming implements, my mechanical tools, my horse and timber that I had ready to work. I got money enough to come and go back again. They did not want me to take money enough for me to return—said I would like here. I came on and went to the friends at Preston, Idaho, to which place they had directed me. I called at Mrs. Whittle's and learned that her daughter, sister of our missionary, was living in polygamy—the second wife of Mr. Pond. I learned also from the Mormons that the sister of Elder Taggart was a polygamist wife.

These facts startled me, as both of the missionaries had declared to us again and again that no one had been in polygamy for a long time; polygamy was a thing of the past. If they had told me the truth I would not have come to Utah nor would I have sacrificed my property to come.

While visiting among the brethren at Preston I discovered that the Saints would ask a blessing at the table, and presently begin to curse. They would pray and swear right along. I had never been used to that and it hurt me.

President Snow, the "mouthpiece of God, prophet seer and revelator," came up to conference at Preston. I thought: Now we will hear something good; if he does speak for God, he will surely say something good and helpful. But to my surprise he did

not. He talked all the time about tithing. They must "pay up." It was money, money, money, all the time; no Gospel at all; nothing about the love of God; nothing about our Savior, whom I loved. I was sick and disheartened. I could neither sleep nor eat.

The Saints wanted me to come to all their meetings, but I could not. The missionaries had deceived me. Instead of a paradise, I found the Saints swearing, living in polygamy, and the young people were vile beyond description. Instead of the prayer meeting, they had the dance. Instead of the Gospel of love, they preached money. I went out and lay down in the fields, crying to God for help to get away, back to my home again.

All these facts and conditions I learned from the Saints. I did not go to any of the denominations for information. I heard with my own ears, saw with my own eyes, and sorrowed in my own heart. The Mormon missionaries who profess to preach without purse or scrip cost me, a poor man with a large family, about three hundred dollars. But I am thankful that I did not bring my family. I thank God that He has made it possible for me to go back home. I will warn my neighbors against the falsehoods and deceptions of the Mormon missionaries. I make these statements to warn people against the Mormon deceivers. It is the worst thing I ever heard of.

June 12, 1900.

FRANK S. JOHNSON.

Any one having jeans or white linen-woolsey to sell, please send samples to Mrs. Hattie W. Graham, Ladies' Hall, Berea College, Berea, Ky.

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## Correspondence.

### Mason County.

**Maysville.** The Mason County Teachers' Association met Saturday and elected Prof. Garrett, President; Miss Margaret Robertson, Vice-President; and Miss Lucille Dinwiddie, Secretary. The next meeting will be held at Mrs. Mary Stephens' on W. 4th Street.—George Strawder is suffering with lumbago.—The Colored people of the city are contemplating having an Emancipation Celebration on January 1, 1901. It is hoped that they will have the cooperation of all the citizens of the county.—The Intermediate and Second Primary departments will give public rhetorical at the M. E. Church before Christmas.—Miss Mary Lee, whose illness was recently mentioned, is much improved.—The revival at the Plymouth Baptist Church closed after marked success.—Prof. Barker of Paris, Ky., visited the city Saturday.

### Clay County.

**Ogle.** The schools in this locality have nearly all closed.

Ed Frederick and M. H. Frederick are on the sick.

The Republican county primary will be held tomorrow. Candidates are plentiful, and the people should make a good choice for each office.

Jas. Davidson and family have moved back to Tennessee.

Frank Swafford went to Flat Lick during the week.

Miss' Studie Smith went to Manchester, Saturday.

Job Laws has moved from Goose Creek to the head of Otter Creek.

Most of our lumber men took advantage of the recent high-water, and floated logs.

Grace. Bill Murray had a new supply of goods this week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson, Mrs. Sarah Wyatt and son Walter, visited their sister Matilda Brigmon, yesterday.

Bill Hughes is building a new barn.

Abe Sparks and John Boggs were here yesterday electioneering.

Helen Brigmon's school will be out in two weeks.

Luther Webb was here yesterday on business.

David Roe, who has been sick so long with consumption, died recently.

Dr. J. B. Wyatt and son John were here recently on business.

Isaac Brigmon and son Bill were killing a hog Thursday. Bill struck at the hog with an ax, the ax came off the handle and struck his father in the head. He was unconscious for ten minutes, a doctor was summoned immediately, and made an examination, the skull was not injured and with proper attention he will recover.

William Johnson is on the sick list.

The little son of John Short and wife is very sick with something like scrofula.

J. A. Murray, who was reported sick, is improving.

Elisha Smith is very sick this week.

Mrs. Betsey Hughes is very sick with a boil near her temple.

Bill Brigmon is rearing a new barn.

### Is it an Indication?

In the Richmond Register of Dec. 11th is a neat article under the caption, "Is it an indication?" and credited to the Index.

The writer says: What the complexion of Heaven will be something the ordinary mind cannot contemplate, but if we take the attendance at church as an indication, few men will find an abiding place there. A peep into any church during the hours of worship will show that the greater portion of those in attendance are women. Men as a rule are conspicuously absent."

This we have every reason to believe to be true, but it is certainly not true with regard to the attendance at the liquor saloon and the penitentiary. There the women "are conspicuously absent."

According to official statistics there are in our prisons and penitentiaries twenty two males for each female and the proportion of males (over females) practicing at the (liquor) bar is certainly much greater.

Is there any significance attached to these facts?

Young men choose your crowd.

## THE HOME.

(Edited pro tem by the Manager.)

### Two Ways of Doing It.

I drove with my husband to our nearest town, not long since, and, leaving me at the principal store in the place, he went to attend to some business farther on. After making some purchases I sat down to await his return. Most of the farmers within six or eight miles deal at this store, and to-day there were many coming and going. My attention was attracted to the dry goods counter, where a pleasant-faced little woman was looking at some black dress goods. Her husband was standing near. "Now, Sam," she said, "this stuff is forty cents a yard, and this, holding up another piece, "is sixty cents; it is better than the other, but I guess the forty cent goods will do me." The man came and examined both pieces of goods in a very interested way, and said, "I think Sallie, you'd better take this at sixty cents; you don't often get a new dress and you ought to have a good one." The little woman was still more pleasant-looking as she told the clerk to cut off the dress.

"Sallie," said the husband, "I'm going to buy one of those red table cloths." "Sam," said she, in an undertone, "they are beautiful, but can you afford it?" He smiled and had one wrapped up. As they went out I said to myself, "True enough—a good husband makes a good wife—two such happy-looking people, and love and kindness the cause of it!"

My meditations were cut short by the entrance of another couple—a gruff-looking fellow and a pale, careworn woman.

"Now hurry up Mary," said he, "I've no time to be foolin'."

Then Mary said she would like to look at some cloth. She selected a piece that suited her, but when that man heard the price he objected.

"Get something cheaper," said he.

"But," said his wife, timidly, "this is for Tom's Sunday pants."

"I don't care," said he, "I won't pay so much."

So she was obliged to take an indifferent piece at a lower price.

After purchasing a few groceries the husband said:

"Come on, I suppose you've got all you want?"

"Yes," said she, looking wistfully around, "but I did want some apron gingham."

"Never mind that now," was the answer, "I'm in a hurry," and out they went.

Ah, thought I, here is a poor woman made unhappy by a brute of a man who never allows her the pleasure of going shopping with a little money of her own. She works hard, without any reward, not even kind words. Ah, this must be the kind of farmers' wives who become insane. Then I wished I was a good fairy who might put money into her pocket to buy all those things so dear to a housekeeper's heart.

The arrival of my husband aroused me from my reveries, and when, during my ride home, I related my experience, he laughingly said, "Just like a woman to hear and see so much." "And," said I, "I feel like beating that horrid man, and I suppose that is like a woman too."—Christian Standard.

### Necessary Expenses for 12 Weeks School.

Persons who board themselves can spend as much or little as they choose on living expenses. It pays to have a little extra money for lectures, books, and other things. But the necessary expenses are only as follows:

TO PAY THE FIRST DAY:	HOWARD HALL	LADIES' HALL
School (Incidental Fee) . . .	\$4.50	\$4.50
Ex-Hospital Fee . . .	25	25
Books, etc., about . . .	2.00	2.00
Key Deposit . . .	1.00	1.00
Room (stove, table, etc.) . . .	2.00	2.50
Fuel and Oil . . .	2.50	3.00
Rent of Laundry . . .	5.00	5.00
First Month's Board . . .	17.25	18.75
Living Expenses . . .	1.50	1.50
To pay during the term:		
Laundry . . .	5.00	5.00
Beginning 2d Mo.; Board 5.00		
Beginning 3d Mo.; Board 5.00		
Key Deposit returned . . .	1.00	1.00
<b>Total Expense, 12 Weeks . . .</b>	<b>27.75</b>	<b>27.75</b>

For those below A Grammar deduct the \$2 for books, and \$1 from incidental fee, making the total only \$24.75.

When four girls room together each saves \$1 on room, and \$2 or more on fuel, making the total only \$21.75.

Fuel is 50 cents more in Winter, and 50 cents less in Spring term.

Two rooms for housekeeping, with stove, etc., can usually be rented for from \$4 to \$6 a term.

The price of a big calf, a little tan-bark, or a few home-spun bed-covers, will give a term of school which will change one's whole life for the better!

Thousands of men and women suffer from piles, especially women with female weakness have this suffering to contend with in addition to their other pains. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment will quickly effect a cure. Price 50 cents in bottles, tubes 75 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

## THE SCHOOL.

Edited by J. W. Dismore, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

### Trained Teachers.

No feature of educational work is being pushed more earnestly or successfully than that of training teachers. Normal and Training schools were never so numerous nor so well filled, and many universities in the last year or two have added pedagogical departments in answer to the popular demand. Yet the supply is not sufficient. The cry goes up from every town and city for trained teachers. It means that an era of better things is rapidly approaching.

A recent school journal contained a copy of a letter written by a county superintendent to his patrons, saying that the best teachers in the country schools were being constantly drawn into the towns by the offer of larger salaries. He urged his patrons to retain all such by raising the salaries, giving as a reason that the boys and girls in country districts were entitled to as good teaching as those in towns and cities. Untrained teachers can no longer secure good positions and in a few years more will be in the same class as untrained lawyers and doctors. And why not? Training a child's mind and soul for life and for eternity is infinitely more important than ministering to his bodily infirmities or looking after his legal interest. That teachers are awakening to this fact the immense numbers in training schools bear witness.

Well equipped teachers are no where more needed than in the schools of Kentucky and in no state will a warmer welcome be given them.

If you are already a teacher holding a first, second or third grade certificate, the Normal Department of Berea College stands ready to give you a professional training, prepare you for a state certificate and fit you for higher and better work. If you are not a teacher but desire to be one, you cannot afford to miss the opportunity the Normal Department affords. A three years' course is offered free of tuition. The only cost outside of living expenses is the incidental fee of \$4.50 a term. The largest college library in Kentucky and all things that go to make up a first class college are at your disposal. The Normal course of three years includes studies in the science and art of teaching, psychology, or the nature and development of the mind, history of education, and practice in the Model Schools.

The Normal Department has a large teaching force of men and women who have been chosen for their excellent qualifications, and who give instruction in the branches they are strongest in. Many Berea students are now holding good positions and are being sought for by superintendents and trustees. December 12th is the time to enter for the winter and spring terms. The best is yours.—come

### My Kind Of Man.

The kind of man for me is one,  
Who seeks no praise for what he's done;  
Who labors not for man's applause,  
But gets an honored name because,  
With an honest heart for the right strives he,  
And that's the kind of man for me.  
Tho' crowned with honor he does not scorn  
The honest rags of the lowly born.  
Good cheer and hope to all he brings,  
And looks at the sunny side of things.  
His manly heart is as light and free  
As the morning breeze. He's the man for me.  
He knows a smile and a warm hand-shake,  
Off from a stone a heart will make.  
From which kind words drive out despair,  
And plant an honest purpose there.  
He looks for the good in men, and he  
Is the kind of man I delight to see.  
H. A. L.

If you are suffering from drowsiness in the day time, irritability of temper, sleepless nights' general debility, headache and general want of tone of the system, use **Herbina**. You will get relief and finally a cure. Price 50 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

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Music—Reed Organ, Choral (free), Vocal, Piano, Theory.

We are here to help all who will help themselves toward a Christian education. Our instruction is a free gift. Students pay a small incidental fee to meet expenses of the school apart from instruction, and must also pay for board in advance. Expenses for term (12 weeks) may be brought within \$24.00, about \$14 to be paid in advance.

The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations.

For information and friendly advice address the Vice-President,

GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, L. L. D. - Berea, Madison Co., Ky.

## THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

### Save the Forests.

J. P. Brown, Secretary of Indiana Forestry Association.

The intimate relationship existing between the agriculture of a nation and her forests is but little understood by a large class of citizens engaged in agricultural pursuits, the value of woodlands being greatly underestimated by farmers who are so largely dependent upon their influences.

European nations have long known their importance and stringent laws were enacted to prevent their destruction, while the care of forests has been reduced to a science, of which we in America have little knowledge.

So large a portion of our country was densely covered with wood where now are magnificent farms, great cities, roads, railways and all the improvements which civilization brings, that we do not realize how vast an amount of labor has been expended in removing the trees to bring this land into its present condition.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the pioneer farmers who have been for a lifetime clearing away the forests should place a low estimate upon the value of the trees which encumber the ground.

The manufacturer who sees in the advancing cost of lumber that enters into his factory a reminder of our vanishing forests, looks from a different point of view.

Railway officials find a much greater difficulty in obtaining cross-ties for maintenance of way than in former years, and ask: "Where shall the next supply be obtained?"

Professional men give thought to the causes which have produced great results in climatic conditions, and conclude that forests are powerful in their control.

But the agriculturist, who has so many problems to solve in the successful management of the farm, is the last to realize that too much land has been cleared; yet the effects are clearly apparent.

Except for rails with which to build fences, logs to construct their houses, and fuel to keep them warm during inclement winters, the timber possessed no value to the early pioneers.

As time passed on, succeeding generations had increasing wants—furniture, wagons, better houses, barns, carriages, implements, all requiring manufactured lumber. This made a demand and fixed a price upon forest products, and, as the woods disappeared before the axe and saw, improved farms, better homes and greater conveniences made the farmer's life less irksome.

But too great an area of forest was cleared, and now, at the close of the nineteenth century, we find a remarkably small quantity of valuable timber in America, and its only estimate is the dollars it will bring at the saw mill.

It is full time that American farmers should more thoroughly understand the great influence which trees exert upon growing crops, and, so far as practicable, increase the forest area by planting new woodlands and by protecting the remaining trees.

(To be continued.)

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